

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-
set upon them, they all runne away, and
Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away
too, leaving the bootie behind them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the cheeues
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poin. How the rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of
the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous,

Why that's certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe,
to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle dan-
ger, we plucke this flower safetie.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue na-
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vsorted, and your whole plot too
light, for the counterpoysse of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so. I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue is
this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zounds and I were now by this ral-
call, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my vncle, and my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the
Dowglas: haue I not at their letters to meete me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward alreadie? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha, you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to
the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide
my

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we
are prepared: I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sittst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmur tales of yron wars,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steed,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt

Of fallies, and retyres of trenches, tents,

Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiours slaine,

And all the currents of a heddy fight,

Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,

And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,

And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,

Such as we see when men restraime their breath,

On some great suddaine haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse, Roane? a cropeare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

D

Hot.